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THE  
*LADY'S*  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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DEC, 1811.

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MEMOIR OF MRS. MOUNTAIN.

IT is not always that the applause with which performers in public are greeted for their professional abilities, can be equally awarded to them in private for their moral worth, surrounded as they are, more particularly the female part, with temptations in their most alluring shapes. It is not perhaps so surprising that they fall in the struggle—but as when they do err, more excuses are to be made for them than for other females; so when their morals remain unshaken, they deserve greater merit for that prudence which they possess, and which has been so severely tried.

Of those who have helped to raise the theatrical character to respectability, it is the good fortune of the biographer to class the lady whose portrait is annexed to our work.

Miss Rosa Wilkinson was born about the year 1770: it is true her parents were public candidates for favour with her at the circus in 1782, but as her father was only an exhibitor on the slack-wire, it is not to be supposed the merit she possesses is to be traced to them for the perfection it bears. She played at this theatre with children from six to twelve years of age, in burlettas (*vide life of J. Brooks in this number*) and here she gave great proofs of early genius: she then performed

a few nights at the Haymarket. She was introduced to Mr. Tate Wilkinson, the manager of the York theatre, who brought her out at Hull in the character of Patty (Maid of the Mill) where she met with encouragement, and so rapidly did she improve in her profession, that as soon as the company commenced their season at York, the manager liberally raised her salary.

Here she was a great favourite, and when Mrs. Jordan quitted the company, for Drury-lane, she became her substitute. After this she played at Liverpool, and in 1786 was engaged at Covent Garden, where she appeared in the characters of Fidelia (Foundling) and Leonora (Padlock) with general applause; but during the season, she had not frequent opportunities of exerting her abilities. About this time she married a Mr. Mountain, a native of Ireland, then leader of the theatre and Concert Hall, Liverpool, and afterwards of the band of Covent Garden theatre. In the summer of 1789 she visited Dublin, where her performances were highly approved of. At the close of the year 1791, she left Covent Garden, in consequence of indisposition, and a difference about salary, and again visited Dublin. During the winter season she recovered her station at Covent Garden, but again, from another trifling dispute of a pecuniary nature, she was finally dismissed. She then sung at Vauxhall Gardens, and afterwards procured engagements at the Haymarket, and at Drury Lane; the latter we presume on the death of Mrs. Crouch. Such was her value at Covent Garden, that we conceive her situation has not been filled up by any one, her equal, as a singer and an actress.

Having left the Haymarket in 1803, she performed at several provincial theatres during the summer, and entertained the inhabitants of York, by her own exertions, in 1804, with recitation and songs, in a piece called the Lyric Novelist, or life epitomized, written on the occasion by Mr. Cherry. She stated in her advertisement that it was the first kind of entertainment ever attempted by a female. Her recitation might be original, but the attempt is by no means novel; for Mrs. Gardiner and Mrs. Ward, when Miss Cartwright, have given similar entertainments. On the unfortunate dispersion of the performers, she attach-

ed herself to the Drury Lane company, at the Lyceum. She also assisted Mr. Arnold, in his plan of the English operas. During her late indisposition, Mrs. Dickons was engaged at the above theatre. Mrs. Mountain jealous of her rival's abilities, and probably conceiving that she was engaged in order to divide with her the popular favour, sent in her resignation, which she received back from the manager, informing her that Mrs. Dickons was only engaged until health should enable her to appear again at the theatre.

We sincerely hope, without at all deducting from the merits of Mrs. Dickons, that the subject of our memoir will quickly be restored to convalescence, and once more delight her hearers with her usual sweet sounds, and with that specimen of true English talent, which cannot be too much encouraged by the great and powerful of this country.

C.

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### THE BUSY BODY.

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THERE are few foibles which appear so glaringly absurd and misplaced, as the ridiculous pretensions to gentility, frequently displayed by persons of weak minds and limited education : of this description I cannot fail to reckon two young ladies with whom I have lately been in habits of association, and who, though in reality girls of pleasing manners and amiable dispositions, render themselves objects of animadversion and satire, by their futile attempts to appear something above the common run of their acquaintance. Their parents, unluckily, being both illiterate and unpolished, conscious of their deficiency in this enlightened age, have sagaciously endeavoured to preserve their children from experiencing the unpleasantness of such a disadvantage, by giving them what is now considered a fashionable education, that is to say, they learnt a profusion of useless things, while every essential qualification was condemned as vulgar and beneath their attention. Such

acquirements, with the aid of the *Novellist's Vocabulary*, now so generally adopted in boarding-schools, soon enabled my young friends to display such a stock of elegance as completely astonished their delighted parents; who now scarcely dare to open their lips in the presence of their accomplished children, lest they should be instantly convicted of vulgarity or a gross violation of every grammatical rule. Marianna, it is true, with a greater share of judgement than her sister, contrives to keep her refinement within the bounds of common sense; but Adeline, the youngest girl, bewilders herself so completely in attempting an elegance of style and peculiar mode of expression, with which her scanty stock of ideas will not enable her to keep pace, that she has acquired a sort of hesitation in her speech, which almost amounts to stammering. Of her studied phraseology, a few specimens will suffice. If she intends to enquire of a friend concerning her health, she thus addresses her, "my dear Mrs. B.—I am inclined to hope, by your florid countenance, that you enjoy a state of perfect convalescence;" or, "I lament to perceive, my dear Miss L.—that your pallid cheeks, and diminished brilliancy of complexion, indicate a temporary privation of that invaluable blessing, health." "Is your dear and worthy papa happily recovered from his recent distressing malady?" &c. &c. The family one-horse chaise, is denominated an *open carriage*; the kitten that gambols on the kitchen hearth, is a *diverting little quadruped*; and a few boiled mackerel, which composed part of a dinner to which they were invited, were politely and poetically styled, "*the delicacies of the deep*." In short, it would be an endless task to repeat half of their absurd phrases, which seem the more proposterous or unnatural when contrasted with the coarseness and absolute vulgarity of both father and mother, of whose complete ignorance the following anecdotes will afford a laughable specimen, and are now circulated to the infinite diversion of their neighbours and intimates. Mr. M. the father of these accomplished young ladies, formerly kept a butcher's shop, and having upon one occasion served a lady with a pound of veal cutlets, she very naturally enquired if he had



any *domestic* at hand to convey them by? of this speech the good man caught the sound, but the sense was somewhat above his comprehension; but wishing to be polite to so genteel a personage, he replied obsequiously, that "really he had not a *stick* of that kind in the shop, but if a clean skewer would do, it was much at her *service*." At another time, when one of his daughters was reading the scriptures, she came to a passage in which mention was made of the scribes and pharisees; upon which the child very innocently enquired what was meant by those scribes and pharisees which she read of so frequently? "why, my dear," replied the old gentleman, after a moment's hesitation, "they are queer things, a little bigger than a hare, but not quite so big as a fox."

Such ignorance may excite a laugh, but it is not unmixed with an emotion of pity which stifles every sentiment of contempt; while the preposterous affectation of the would-be fine ladies, his daughters, affords ample scope for the ridicule of those who are acquainted with their origin, and are sensible upon what a shallow foundation their claims to elegance and refinement are established. Should this descriptive sketch meet their eye, let them not consider it an illiberal attack upon their feelings, but accept it as a salutary admonition, and as such, suffer it to have the desired effect, that of correcting a foible, the offspring of vanity and pride.

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#### PARNELL'S HERMIT.

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*To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.*

SIR,

WITH the writings of Dr. Parnell every admirer of elegant literature is familiar. His poems have been long held in universal esteem, and the reiterated pleasure they afford in the perusal, are a sufficient test of their great merit. It is a circumstance, however, not generally known, that the *Hermit*, the piece on which his reputation is best grounded, was not

conceived by that admired poet, although the incidents he borrowed were highly improved by the glow of his fervid imagination. The story, which is originally either of Spanish or Arabian invention, is to be found in HOWELL's Letters: but as that entertaining book is seldom to be met with in a Lady's library, I am induced to transcribe the leading features of the fiction, for the entertainment of your readers.

The celebrated traveller reports, on the authority of Sir P. Herbert, in his late *Conceptions* to his son, "How a holy anchorite being in a wilderness, among other contemplations, he fell to admire the method of providence; how out of causes which seem bad to us, he produceth oftentimes good effects: how he suffers virtuous, loyal, religious men to be oppressed; and others prosper. As he was transported with these ideas, a goodly young man appeared to him, and told him, Father, I know your thoughts are distracted, and I am sent to quiet them; therefore if you will accompany me a few days, you shall return very well satisfied of those doubts that now encumber your mind. So going along with him they were to pass over a narrow bridge, and meeting there with another passenger, the young man jostled him into the water, and so drowned him. The old anchorite being much astonished here-at, would have left him; but the guide said, Father, be not amazed, because I shall give ten good reasons for what I do; and you shall see stranger things than this, before you and I part; but at last I shall settle your judgment, and put your mind in full repose. So going that night to lodge at an inn, where there was a crew of banditti and debauched ruffians, the young man struck into their company, and revelled with them till the morning; while the anchorite spent most of the night in numbering his beads. But as soon as they were departed thence, they met with some officers, who went to apprehend that crew of banditti they had left behind them. The next day they came to a gentleman's house, which was a fair palace, where they received all the courteous hospitality which could be; but in the morning as they parted, there was a child in a cradle, which was the only son of the gentleman's,

and the young man spying his opportunity, strangled the child, and so got away. The third day they came to another inn, where the landlord of the house treated them with all the civility that could be, and *gratis*; yet the young man embezzled a silver goblet, and carried it away in his pocket; which still increased the amazement of the anchorite. The fourth day, in the evening, they came to lodge at another inn, where the host was very sullen and uncivil to them, exacting much more than what they had spent; yet at parting the young man bestowed upon him the silver goblet which he had stolen from that first host who had used them kindly. The fifth day they made towards a great town; but seven miles before they came at it, they met with a merchant at the close of the day, who had a great charge of money about him, and asking the next passage to that inn, the young man put him in a quite contrary way\*\*\*. As the anchorite marvelled at what had passed, the young man said to him, I know your heart is full of horror, and your head full of confusion, astonishment, and doubt, for what you have seen since the first time of our association: but know that I am an angel sent from heaven to rectify your judgment, as also to correct a little your curiosity in the researches of the ways and acts of providence too far; for though separately they seem strange to the shallow apprehension of man, yet conjointly they all tend to produce good effects.

That man whom I tumbled into the river, was an act of providence: for he was going upon a most mischievous design, that would have not only damnified his own soul, but destroyed the party against whom it was intended: therefore I prevented it.

The cause why I continued all night with that crew of robbers, was also an act of providence; for they intended to go a robbing all that night; but I kept them purposely till next morning, that the hand of justice might seize them.

Touching the kind host from whom I took the silver goblet, and the clownish or knavish host, to whom I gave it; let this demonstrate unto you, that good men are liable to crosses

and losses, whereof bad men oftentimes reap the benefit; but it commonly produceth patience in the one, and pride in the other.

Concerning that noble gentleman whose child I strangled, after a courteous entertainment; know that that also was an act of providence; for that gentleman was so indulgent and doting on that child, that it lessened his love to heaven; so I took away that cause.

Touching the merchant whom I misguided in his way, it was likewise an act of providence: for had he gone the direct way to the town, he had been robbed, and his throat cut: therefore I preserved him by that deviation.

This figurative story, Howell remarks, shews that the ways of providence are inscrutable, his intention and method of operation not conformable after the human judgment, the plummets and lines whereof are infinitely too short to fathom the depths of his designs. Therefore let us acquiesce in an humble admiration, and with this confidence, that all things co-operate to the best at last, as they relate to his glory, and the general good of his creatures; though sometimes they appear to us by uncouth circumstances and cross mediums.

I am, sir, your constant reader. \* \* \*

### GEORGE THE THIRD.

During the ceremony of the coronation of his present Majesty, when the sacramental cup was presented, according to custom, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the King, impressed, no doubt, with the awful solemnity of the act, inquired of the Archbishop, whether it was not usual at that juncture to take off the crown? The primate hesitated to return an answer, whereupon his Majesty referred the same question to the Bishop of Rochester, who appeared as much confounded as his Grace. His Majesty then piously decided the matter, by removing the crown from his head, and placing it by his side: at once acknowledging his dependency as a mortal, on the great KING of Kings, whose vicerent on earth he is.



## MEMOIR OF MR. JAMES BROOKS.

LATE LEADER OF THE VAUXHALL ORCHESTRA, &amp;c.

WHILE the celebrated poet and the patronized artist, reveling in the sun-shine of public favour, are venting querulous complaints at the little encouragement, which the world bestows on men of genius, they are too apt to disregard the privations of their less fortunate brethren; and to refuse those a title to countenance and distinction, who are alone debarred by the pressure of pecuniary embarrassments from sharing that popularity to which they arrogate to themselves an exclusive claim.

Impressed with this idea, I am induced to pay a small tribute to the memory of an individual, whose moral qualities were duly appreciated in the circle in which he moved; with whose talents as a composer the amateur is doubtless familiar; and to whose critical abilities as leader of the Vauxhall band, the public are indebted for that pleasure which in that place of fashionable resort they nightly derived from the musical performances.

James Brooks, the subject of this memoir, professor of the violin, was born at Bath, August the 6th, 1757. He was taught the first principles of his art by his father, J. Brooks, a Violoncello performer at that place, who afterwards placed him under the tuition of David Richards, then leader of the band at Old Drury, with whom he remained for a length of time; but it was to Le Motte, the celebrated violin player, who came over to this country with Rauzzini, and to the late Mr. Thomas Lindley, that he was principally obliged for his professional improvement.

So rapid was his progress in music, that at the age of fifteen, he led at the Bath theatre; and conducted all other performances at that place and at Bristol, except the concerts, which were superintended by his friends Le Motte and Lindley; but the former leaving this country for France, and Lindley resigning in 1796, he was chosen to succeed them in that important situation.

In the year 1803 he quitted Bath for London, under the expectation of high pecuniary emolument; but this idea was

never realized. He was engaged as composer to the Circus, now the Surrey theatre, where it was in contemplation to establish burlettas, &c. to be acted by children, and in which Miss de Camp, now Mrs. Charles Kemble, Mrs. Mountain, and Mrs. Bland, were candidates for public favour; but from the want of a proper licence, these performances were after a time restricted by the regular managers of the theatres Royal, and the house shut up.

On the failure of these prospects, he went again to Bath, from whence he returned to London, and obtained a seat in the orchestra of Drury-lane theatre, which he held until its destruction by fire rendered his talents no longer necessary. At this time he took the lead at Vauxhall Gardens, a situation which he filled for upwards of nine years, and which only the indisposition which caused his death obliged him to relinquish. As a teacher of the violin and piano forte he was highly respected; but in this department his abilities were confined to a few scholars. From the kindness, however, of Lord Sefton, whose family he instructed, he received the most polite attention and patronage. At length a paralytic attack, putting a period to his exertions, obliged him to abandon nearly the whole of his professional pursuits, and carried him off on the 31st of October, in the year 1809, at the age of 52 years. He was buried in the church-yard of Paddington the Sunday following, leaving behind him a wife and five children to regret his loss. One of his pupils was the late unfortunate Collins, of Drury-lane theatre, who quitted the study of music for the stage: but though the name of his master is mentioned in his life, no biographical sketch of James Brooks, except this, has hitherto been submitted to the public eye.

His works consist of—Concertos for the Violin; 3 Duets for 2 Violins, and 2 for 1 Violin; 12 Glees, composed and harmonized for 3 and 4 voices; 12 English Ballads; Sonatas for the Piano Forte; and nearly 20 Songs, sung by Incledon and others at Vauxhall Gardens, Covent-Garden theatre, &c. &c.

## MRS. CHARKE,

DAUGHTER OF COLLEY CIBBER.

IT is well known that Colley Cibber had a daughter named *Charlotte*, who, like him took to the stage; her subsequent life was one continued series of misfortune, affliction, and distress, which she sometimes contrived a little to alleviate by the productions of her pen. About the year 1755, she had worked up a novel for the press, which the writer accompanied his friend the bookseller to hear read; she was at this time a widow, having been married to one Charke, a musician, long since dead. Her habitation was a wretched thatched hovel, situated on the way to Islington in the purlieus of Clerkenwell Bridewell, not very distant from the New River Head, where at that time it was usual for the scavengers to leave the cleansings of the streets. The night preceding a heavy rain had fallen, which rendered this seat of the muses almost inaccessible, so that in our approach we got our white stockings enveloped with mud up to the very calves, which furnished an appearance much in the present fashionable style of half boots.—We knocked at the door (not attempting to pull the latch string) which was opened by a tall, meagre, ragged figure, with a blue apron, indicating, what else we might have doubted, the feminine gender. A perfect model for the copper captain's tattered landlady; that deplorable exhibition of the fair sex, in the comedy of *Rule-a-Wife*. She with a torpid voice and hungry smile desired us to walk in.—The first object that presented itself was a dresser, clean, it must be confessed, and furnished with three or four delf plates, two brown platters, and underneath an earthen pipkin, and a black pitcher with a snip out of it. To the right we perceived and bowed to the mistress of the mansion sitting on a maimed chair under the mantle piece, by a fire, merely sufficient to put us in mind of starving. On one hob sat a monkey, which by way of welcome chattered at our going in; on the other a tabby cat, of melancholy aspect! and at our author's feet on the flounce of her dingy petticoat reclined a dog, almost a skele-

the flounce of her dingy petticoat reclined a dog, almost a skeleton ! he raised his head and eagerly staring with his bleared eyes, saluted us with a snarl. " Have done, Fidele ! these are friends." The tone of her voice was not harsh ; it had something in it humbled and disconsolate ; a mingled effort of authority and pleasure—Poor soul ! few were her visitors of that description—no wonder the creature barked !—A magpie perched on the top ring of her chair, not an uncomely ornament ! and on her lap was placed a mutilated pair of bellows—the pipe was gone—an advantage in their present office, they served as a succedaneum for a writing desk, on which lay displayed her hopes and treasure, the manuscript of her novel. Her inkstand was a broken tea-cup, the pen worn to a stump ; she had but one ! A rough deal board with three hobbling supporters was brought for our convenience, on which without farther ceremony we contrived to sit down and enter upon business.—The work was read, remarks made, alterations agreed to, and thirty guineas demanded for the copy. The squalid handmaiden who had been an attentive listener, stretched forward her tawny length of neck with an eye of anxious expectation !—The bookseller offered five !—Our authoress did not appear hurt ; disappointments had rendered her mind callous ; however some altercation ensued. This was the writer's first initiation in the mysteries of bibliopolism and the state of authorcraft. He seeing both sides pertinacious, at length interposed, and at his instance the wary haberdasher of literature doubled his first proposal with this saving proviso, that his friend present would pay a moiety and run one half the risk ; which was agreed to. Thus matters were accommodated seemingly to the satisfaction of all parties ; the lady's original stipulation of fifty copies for herself being previously acceded to. Such is the story of the once admired daughter of Colley Cibber, who was born in affluence, and educated with care and tenderness, her servants in livery, and a splendid equipage at her command, with swarms of time-serving sycophants officiously buzzing in her train ; yet unmindful of her advantages and improvident in her pursuits, she finished the career of her miserable existence on a dunghill.



## THE GOSSIPER.

NO. VI.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,  
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo. HOR.

He'll surely gain his wished-for ends,  
Who pleasure with instruction blends.

I HAVE lately received many letters from persons of both sexes on various subjects. I shall select some of those which seem best calculated to amuse and instruct my readers, and shall dedicate my present number to them.

MR. GOSSIPER,

I AM what is now a-days termed a *gentleman Farmer*, that is, I have a good pretty estate, which I cultivate myself. You must know, then, that the cause of my writing is to inform you of the uneasiness I feel at my wife's and two daughters being infected with the *plague* (for I can give it no milder term) of fashionable manners and customs, and also to request your advice. My spouse, who used formerly to be as unaffected good sort of a woman as any in the neighbourhood, is now quite altered: instead of rising at seven or eight in the morning, and looking after domestic concerns; now forsooth, madam is grown so fine a lady, that she never comes down stairs before half past nine, and frequently breakfasts in bed, and instead of having an eye to family affairs, she is reading a novel, or assisting her daughters in making shoes.

As I am now upon it, I cannot help giving my opinion, Mr. Gossiper, on the *fashionable mania* among the ladies for shoe-making. You will, I think, agree with me, that every employment ought either to have profit or amusement for its end. Now, it strikes me, that neither of these essentials are at all concerned, and what is worse, are violated by this *gen-*

*teel* employment. For who will pretend to say, that after the purchase of *expensive fashionable* tools and materials, (not to mention the time which might be devoted to far better purposes) any thing can be gained in a pecuniary point of view. With regard to the amusement of it, nothing, I think, can be more inelegant and unlady-like (not to say unwholesome) than the attitude necessary to perform this *work*. And surely it is a *singular* taste to make an amusement of what is one of the meanest employments of the lower orders of society; and, it may be added, (which is of no trifling consideration) that many an honest workman must be thrown out of employ in his trade, and his family either starve or come upon the parish, unless he can turn his hand to some other business, which seldom occurs. I have, perhaps, you will think, sir, dwelt too long upon this topic, and shall therefore draw you back again to the *high-road* of my miseries.

My daughters, I must confess, may I think with justice be termed pretty, and not deficient in abilities, but they are not like the same girls they were two years ago. This alteration was occasioned by a gentleman of large property coming to reside with his family in our parish. My wife, at the earnest request of her daughters, called upon these fine folks, and invited them to our house. I will not tire you with an account of the expense incurred, of the bustle and preparations that were made, but suffice it to say, we had as much trouble in instructing our servants as Mr. Hardcastle had in drilling his. We then got on intimate terms with our new neighbours, and my girls were much oftener at their house than I even then approved, but however, as their mother always sided with them, my opposition was of little avail. Well, sir, to make the story short, my daughters spent the following winter in town with our new acquaintances: this was a step I positively forbid for some time, but they at last triumphed. They spent me, of course, a great deal of money during their visit: this however I could have endured for once, but on their return to behold the pale faces, the affectation and vanity they brought home, both vexed and enraged me.

In short, sir, the œconomy of my family is quite changed : late hours, splendid furniture, and gay parties, are substituted for *old-fashioned* comfort and frugality. My income does not pay my expenses by several hundreds a-year.

All this is very alarming, and I see no prospect of its termination. If you can give me any advice, you will greatly oblige

Your most humble servant,

AGRICOLA.

MR. GOSSIPPER,

AS I presume you are and have been much among the ladies, and that you are thoroughly acquainted with their natures and dispositions, I take the liberty of addressing you on an important subject.

I am just arrived at my five and twentieth year, with a handsome income, and possessing, I flatter myself, no unpleasing person. I have for the last four years been in search of a matrimonial yoke-fellôw, both in town and country, but I am sorry to say, that from some accident or impediment, I have not yet succeeded in obtaining one. I first procured introductions to some families at the west end of the town, where, for the most part, the ladies seemed too much addicted to show and parade, to possess hearts unsusceptible of affection, and healths injured by the dissipation of late hours. I was next introduced into the city : here the minds of the ladies were too groveling, or in plain English, Mr. Gossipper, they *smelled too much of the shop to fix* me.

In the country I expected to find sense, innocence, and beauty in perfection ; but I was not entirely right. Some young ladies, 'tis true, possessed qualifications I should have admired in a wife, but unfortunately there was always some obstacle in the way : either the young lady did not like me, or her papa and mamma (good prudent souls) had laid out some other gentleman for her.

In fact, sir, I begin to fear I must die an old bachelor, unless you can reconmend some young lady that you may deem suit-

able to a man of my situation. I shall only add, if you succeed in *fitting* me with a good wife, I will most certainly send you a piece of bride's cake; you shall stand for my first child, and will ever merit and receive the hearty thanks of

Your most humble servant,

SAMUEL SINGLE.

Mr. Single is too severe upon the ladies, and by much too difficult. Nothing but ill-founded prejudices against the sex, and viewing all their actions through an unjust medium, could have rendered him unsusceptible of the charms of his fair countrywomen. I would recommend him to banish every illiberal notion of the sex from his mind, and to behold them in a true, proper, and unbiassed point of view, and I have little doubt but he will very soon find a lady every way calculated to render him happy in the married state.

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GOOD MR. GOSSIPPER,

I AM the most unhappy creature under the sun. My father positively insists upon my marrying a rich soap-boiler (old enough to be my father) whom I detest. I have an affection for a young clergyman in the country, who is unfortunately poor, and my father will not therefore give his consent to our union.

Now pray, sir, what am I to do? must I be dutiful and break my heart, or be disobedient, and marry the man I love; and starve?

Your speedy advice will confer the greatest of favours on

Your most wretched servant,

LYDIA TWADDLE.



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*THE BANDITTI OF THE FOREST;*

OR,

*THE MYSTERIOUS DAGGER.*

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(Continued from page 281.)

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## CHAP. VI.

Here have we war for war, and blood for blood ;

Controlment for controlment !—

SHAKESPEARE.

A DREADFUL silence now pervaded the castle, while Albert, nerving himself with resolution, awaited his coming death. The clock tolled the heavy hour of twelve ; “another ten minutes,” he exclaimed, “and all will be over ;” he staggered to his couch, but the iron bar still remained in his hand. “These eyes,” said he, “which have never withheld their tears for another’s distress, will be soon sunk in death. This heart which now firmly beats, will throb no more. To be thus plunged into eternity, in darkness ; thus to have the cup of youth dashed from my lips, and to go I scarce know where—requires some serious thought. There is a heavy dread lying at my breast, in despite of all my philosophy. Oh, Adelaide !” he exclaimed, and his soul was wrung with agony ; he threw up his eyes to Heaven in speechless grief ; his head turned round, but he heard noises, and his wonted energy returned. They approached nearer ; “they come,” he cried, “now, oh God ! thou only art my only refuge ; strengthen my arm with self-defence ; deliver me and my Adelaide.” He hears the fastening of a distant door unclosed with care : they doubtless hoped that he slept ; but he has placed his back against the wall ; he feels strong as the enraged tiger ; and behold the door slowly opened, and by the glare of a torch, Gudalvo attended, enters his apartment. They stand aghast at seeing him thus pre-

pared, and their fears were not decreased, on hearing him exclaim, "Come on, ye blood-suckers; take the life of your victim, but be assured he will sell it dearly." He then drew his dagger, and with the half of the bar which he had torn from the window, parried their thrust, and did some execution. Two soon lay dead, or exhausted at his feet; the rest became furious. At length he is seized by the throat, his courage no longer avails him, and Gudalvo's sword prepares to drink his blood: but his prison is crowded with men; the bugle rings through the castle; the vassals of the countess Bruhl, rescue him from his fate. Fortune at length seems weary of persecuting him, numbers lay bathed in blood. Albert ranges the castle, fury guides his steps; he hopes to meet count Zittau, but he, too cowardly to assist at the hellish schemes he had planned, had left the castle that night; and Adelaide, his dear Adelaide, returns him no answer.

It was Albert's first care, as soon as order was restored in the castle, to enquire after Gudalvo, for on him rested all his hopes of the discovery of his partner in tyranny. He had been carried to a chamber, where he lay weltering in his blood. The agony of a wounded conscience, the pain of his wounds, and the fear of punishment, all contrived to give him the appearance of a dying daemon. It was with difficulty the blood which flowed from his wounds was stopped, but life was dear to him; he opened his eyes. At the promise of conditional pardon, he put a key into the hand of Albert, and saying enough to give some clue where Albert might find his Adelaide, charged Sebastian to watch him carefully, and to arrange matters that no surprise from the escaped banditti, might once more get them into their power.

Alas! Albert was not yet to gain the object of his dearest solicitude; he found her not. Gudalvo had mistaken his request, and came back for further explanation; but the only man that could give it, seemed fast sinking in death, and it was some time ere the few cordials he drank revived him. He was severely wounded, and the impatient Albert was

obliged to wait in agonizing suspense in his chamber until the following morning.

Albert arose early, somewhat refreshed; but when he spoke to Gudalvo, the wretch gave a vacant stare, then turned from him without an answer. Sebastian repeated his master's request, but the same silence ensued; when Albert again repeated his promise of pardon, and conjured him to say, where they had confined the young lady. Gudalvo muttered the word pardon, to himself, several times; at length this was followed by his expressing more audibly—"but you will not, you cannot forgive such a wretch as I have been." "Recollect, sir," continued he, with earnestness, and attempting to rise; "it is I who have sought your life; no, you know not half my crimes, or I am sure you never would forgive me. Yet if you could, I would con"—here the poor wretch became exhausted—"yet, I think," added he, "you would not repent your mercy." Albert repeated his former assertions in the most solemn manner. The repentant Gudalvo, however, could give no account of the object of Albert's enquiry; she was confided to the care of some other man, by count Zittau;—but he gave him the keys of all the caverns, and again Albert commenced his search, but with a heavy and desponding heart. Long did Sebastian and Albert pace along, lighted by the paly-torch: steps ascended and descended; caverns they entered, where the foot of man had not intruded for years; hopes were raised and blasted; till at length they entered a large recess, which they presumed was handsomely furnished. A bed was in the centre, but it was unoccupied; and at the further end of the recess, he perceived a female, whom he imagined was his Adelaide: but his agitation, his fears for her health, in not knowing how to discover himself without alarming her, kept him irresolute in what manner to act, and he continued contemplating her at a distance, though scarce able to refrain from snatching her to his bosom. She appeared to sleep; her eyes were closed; but he perceived by the rays of light that burst through the iron bars of her prison, that her sighs interrupted her repose. On one hand reposed her head; her black hair hung down in disorder, while a long white arm

reclined on her knee; no hue of health seemed to visit her cheeks; they were pale—wild disorder and ruin reigned around her. “Unfortunate girl!” exclaimed Albert, “what hast thou not suffered while in the hands of these miscreants, and I have been the cause of it all!

“Not content in bringing down the vengeance of Heaven upon my head, I have also made thee a partner in my misery; wilt thou not hate the man who has thus been the occasion of all thy unmerited sufferings?

“How piercing would be the sensations of thy mother did she view thee thus pale, dejected, the inhabitant of a loathsome den; would they not execrate the villany of Zittau?” She moved, she rose from her couch, but her movement betrayed a delicate frame nearly worn out with suffering, and the following ejaculations burst from her lips; “Another day is come and going:” “another day of misery shall I pass”—“am I never to be released, cruel Zittau? and dost thou suppose all thy terrors would make me leave thee for my beloved Albert?” “Ah, my mother, believe not the suggestion of falsehood; Albert, my love, is innocent.” “Not a drop of water to moisten my parched mouth: cruel jailors, will ye then leave me another day to starve?—but I shall soon die! I feel my chills shake my frame—I cannot long survive!—but I will leave the world, blessing thee my mother, and my dearest Albert—and my poor father.” “Why, oh death, art thou so anxious to close the eyes of those who are happy, and yet wilt not hear the prayer of those whom misery looks forward to for thy release. Perhaps, even now, thou hoverest over the child of affection, of virtue, and of fortune. Unavailing are the mother’s tears, the father’s groans, or the sighs of relations. Alas! nothing prevents thee claiming thy victim.”

\* \* \* \*

“Adelaide,” softly exclaimed Albert; “ah,” she said, unconscious of reality—“still that sound in my ears, still I hear him call; beloved Albert, I come, I vowed to join you, but it will be in the tomb; ’tis for thee I have dared to confront horror in all its shapes. Your uncle’s menaces, I only feared



on your account." Here she placed her hand on her forehead, her ideas appeared to wander; again she recovered.

"He," cried the unfeeling Zittau, "shall first be murdered, if you refuse to save him." In vain I knelt and prayed; by this time he is no more. I see his manly limbs torn by the —— she fainted. Sebastian had returned with water, it revived her; as the sun breaks through a misty cloud, so recollection dawned in her mind: she was then at length convinced that Albert was once more restored to her. "Do I hold his hand?" she exclaimed, "do I really speak to him? or if I do not, if it is fiction all, oh let me not know it; do not say that he lives not." She gazed wildly on him, she laughed, then became senseless, and it was long before she could be moved, or that her nerves recovered their usual tone. Messengers were dispatched to the countess with the joyful tidings, who sent conveyances, and it was not long before they left the gloomy turrets of Hereitzlein castle, accompanied by the repentant Gudolfo, whose strength appeared to be far from re-established. The transports that revelled in the bosom of Adelaide in viewing once more the landscape of nature in its gayest liveries, was almost too much for her strength; nay, it required all Albert's persuasions to quell those sensations which filled Adelaide's bosom. At length the castle of her mother appeared in the distant twilight embosomed with trees, still lightly gilt by the last ray of the nearly-departed sun. Eager they passed the extended lake, unruffled but by the sportive swallow, or the whitened sail that glided along unmindful of the overhanging rock that seemed about to crush it with its premeditated fall. Nature was sinking to rest; one hue of colouring only prevailed; and the tired husbandman was seen

"Plodding home his weary way."

The silence was only interrupted by the twinkling of the sheep-bell, and the cooing of the stock dove. A scene so placid, so holy, inspired Adelaide with the most tender ideas, and

filled her eyes with tears of sensibility. It was not lost on Albert, who in breaking to Adelaide the death of her father, robbed her of some share of those regrets which she felt, and which another relater would have made more piercing. Adelaide, conscious that she had no father now to welcome her return, felt even, if possible, more eagerness and more sensible of the worth of that parent which Providence had left her; and notwithstanding the shock she felt on sinking into the maternal arms of the countess, joy checked the rising tear, and night closed upon them before they could even tell the extent of the pleasure they experienced. Although the countess had been inconsolable and constant in her regret for the murdered baron, she was fully sensible that she owed some portion of thankfulness to that Providence who had restored to her a daughter. Thus happiness was not altogether forbid the castle; her faithful followers she thought deserved some exertions from her. The goblet was filled, her vassals were rewarded, and the hall once more echoed the sound of rejoicing; and however the absence of him, who once gave zest to the feast, would sometimes give a pang to their festivity, yet the jocund bowl was passed till morn broke forth in the East.

Gudolfo was the only one absent from the banquet. As the supposed murderer of count Bruhl, Albert was silent as to the character of his guest; and he wished to be alone. There buried in a chamber, where the noise of revelry could not reach him; he was found constantly by the attendants at the castle, either writing, or with folded arms apparently soliciting mercy from Heaven, attentively perusing a missal, or throwing up his eyes to the martyr'd saints, who in gay attire dignified his chequered window. Content now lodged at Gibheline Castle. Adelaide visited every spot as soon as her renovated health permitted, which was endeared to her from infancy; and while she stooped to arrange some flowers, which the storms of the elements had bent to the ground, she compared them with herself, as having been, by the machinations of her enemies, nearly bowed down

to the earth. She sat not long, in a hermitage formed by nature, before Albert made his appearance, to inform her of his plans with regard to his uncle. He was still his relation; ought he then to shed his blood? No! he would throw himself at the feet of his emperor; he would demand his right: should Zittau deny him this, he resolved to cast down the gauntlet of defiance, and to let the battle decide his fate. In those days of blood, the terrors of death, when unaccompanied with infamy, were not so much dreaded as they now are, even by the fair. Yet Adelaide, shocked as she had been by the horrors she had just suffered, trembled for the fate of her hero. She however saw no means of diverting him from his purpose but the hope that the merciful Gustavus might deem his the language of truth, and disgrace Zittau as a false knight, without this terrible proof of his faith.

On their return the unoccupied chair of the baron brought tears into their eyes. 'Tis true Albert now occupied it, but something seemed to say, alas! why does he not come? "I see him, yet he is not present; he beckons his hand like the white son of Colmar; but he vanishes like a cloud through the misty heath of Mona." Adelaide had as yet kept her friends in total ignorance as to the cause of her detention, and they had feared to speak to her respecting it, lest the revival of scenes, where her sufferings had been so acute, might unnerve her. She now informed them of her sudden disappearance; the countess trembled, Albert was all anxiety, but her memory was defective. She was obliged to collect her ideas, and first arrange the circumstances of her detention, which indeed bore all the illusion of a dream; they would have begged her to defer the recital, but being determined to relieve their mind, after a little pause she commenced in the following manner,

(To be continued.)



*ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED FEMALES.*

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## LETTICE VISCOUNTESS FALKLAND.

THE life of this lady presents an example of conjugal affection, unostentatious benevolence, and unaffected religion, almost unparalleled. Upon the death of her husband, the celebrated Lucius Cary, viscount Falkland, who was killed in the first battle of Newbury; she fixed her eyes on heaven; and though sunk in the deepest affliction, she found that relief from acts of piety and devotion which nothing else could have administered.

Speaking of her philanthropy, her Biographer remarks, "and for the poor at home, and for strangers at the door, she was very charitable in feeding the hungry, and refreshing the faint and weak; and for clothing the naked. In some extremities, you should see this lady herself go up and down the house and beg garments from her servants' backs (whom she requited soon after with new) that the poor might not go naked or cold from her door: so that she was not only a liberal almoner to the poor; but also an earnest solicitor for them. And when it was objected, that many idle wicked people were by this course of charity relieved at her house; her answer was: "I know not their hearts, and in their outward carriage and speech, they all appear to me good and virtuous; I had rather relieve five unworthy vagrants, than that one member of Christ should go empty away."

Nor was her charity thus limited: it even extended to her enemies. Upon many of Cromwell's party being taken prisoners by the king's soldiers, and in great need, she consulted how she might send relief to them: and when she was told that such an act would render her loyalty to His Majesty suspected, she replied, "No man will suspect my loyalty, because I relieve these prisoners, but he would suspect my



christianity, if he should see me relieve a needy Turk, or Jew: however, I had rather be so misunderstood, (if this my secret alms should be known) than that any of mine enemies (the worst of them) should perish for want of it.

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RENEE DE RIEUX.

This lady descended from a very distinguished family, and was appointed at the age of 16 maid of honour to the queen Catherine de Medicis. From the beauty of her person and the sweetness of her disposition, she received the appellation of *la belle Chateau-neuf*. The duke d'Anjou, who was afterwards Henry III, became vehemently in love with her, and frequently employed the muse of the poet Desportes, in order to express his passion, who among other effusions of gallantry addressed to her the following verses:

Cheveux crespés et blonds, nonchalamment éparés  
Dont le vainqueur des Dieux, s'emprisonne et se lie,  
Front de marbre vivant, table claire et polie  
Où les petits Amours vont aiguïser leurs dards;  
Epais monceau de neige aveuglant les regards,  
Pour qui de tout objet mon cœur si désallie;  
Yeux pleurant à la fois tant d'aise et de martyre,  
Souris par qui l'Amour entretient son empire,  
Voix, dont le son demeure au cœur si longuement,  
Esprit, par qui le fer de notre âge se dore,  
Beautés, graces, discours, qui m'allez transformant  
Las ! connoissez-vous point combien je vous adore ?

After having married a Florentine of the name of Antonitti, Mademoiselle de Rieux, having discovered his infidelity, killed him with her own hand.

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ISOTTA NOGAROLA.

This celebrated female, a native of Verona, was a prodigy of learning. She possessed a knowledge of the languages, of philosophy and theology, and was deeply read in the fathers of

the church. Cardinal Bessarioni undertook a journey to Verona, for the express purpose of conversing with her. She was also in correspondence with many of the most learned men of her time. In her writings she was no less distinguished for solidity of judgment, than for elegance of style, and left behind her a dialogue upon the following curious question: "*whether Adam or Eve committed the greatest sin in eating of the forbidden fruit?*" She died in 1468, at the age of 38.

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ANNE OF AUSTRIA,

QUEEN TO LOUIS XIII. KING OF FRANCE.

This princess was continually harassed by the Cardinal de Richelieu. He occasionally caused her to be examined by the presidents of the parliament of Paris, respecting the plots that were carrying on in Spain against the administration. On one of these trying occasions she said to him: "*M. le Cardinal, Dieu ne paye pas tous les semaines, mais enfin il paye.*" My Lord Cardinal, God does not settle his accounts with mankind every week, but at last he settles them with effect.

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MARGARET OF NAVARRE.

The queen of Navarre, sister of Francis I. was one of the most accomplished princesses of her age. Upon a rumour being circulated at Court that she died in Auvergne, a Courtier, a celebrated wit, in compliment of her numerous attractions, assured the company that the event had not happened, because the weather had for some time past been uncommonly fine; and if the queen had really deceased, the sky could not possibly have continued so serene. . . .

ELLEN;  
OR,  
THE PARSONAGE.

(Continued from page 289.)

TO CHARLES D——, ESQ.

M—— Park.

BY all that's unfortunate, these two strange beings, R. and C. are come, to stay with me (as they frankly told me) a week or a fortnight. What ill star could order this? They are both in the army, and in the same regiment, which is quartered at A—; and they were induced, they say, by its proximity to the park, to renew the friendship they formerly entertained for their school-fellow. Pshaw! they were never friends of mine; their motive is mere curiosity, or a less worthy one, the desire of the good cheer they expected to find here. They are not the least improved since you and I used to laugh at them; they are as frivolous and insignificant as ever they were. After this visit, I perhaps, shall never see them again, and they are such men as I will not, cannot introduce at the Parsonage.

Thus is the delightful intercourse that subsisted between me and its valued inhabitants, broken off for a whole week. I know you will laugh at the serious chagrin I bestow on this trifling occurrence, and at my lengthening this week into an apparent eternity; but, pleasures or vexations, you have them as I feel them; and when we are detained from happiness, we are prone to reprobate the cause of detention, however frivolous, and sigh for the end of its power. Hospitality forbids my looking coolly on them, so I must assume the host, and with true host-like conformity, according with their military habits, become the bon-vivant for a week; till the expiration of which,

I shall remain

Your chagrined friend

HENRY M——.



## BILLET TO ELLEN.

Fate has *ma chère amie*, with one of her malicious flats, sent hither two school-fellows of mine, to deprive me for a whole week of the amiable society of the Parsonage. No morning walks, Ellen! no reading alas, no harp, no song! Oh! as Cleopatra says, "That I might sleep out this great gap of time." Recollecting that you admired my little Italian greyhound, I have ventured to send him by the servant who brings this, requesting your acceptance of her, and may she in his service be as faithful as his late master will be in his friendship. If you have finished it, have the goodness to return "Paul et Virginie" by the servant; would it were possible for you to send with it one of your smiles, to drive the *dæmon ennui* from the park!

HENRY M-----

## BILLET FROM ELLEN.

THANK you, my kind friend; you have sent me a servant, and a companion, who

" I will not say

" Shall be as well mastered, but be sure

" No less beloved,"

than if he had lived and died in your service. I remember you once expressed astonishment, that I had no living animals about me, such as birds, monkeys, squirrels, or other fine-lady-like appurtenances. I dislike the latter in themselves, and abhor the idea of confining the warbling inhabitants of the air, still worse; every time I saw the little prisoner approach the cruel wire which held him in durance, I should shudder, I should think I detained him from the joys he might receive from a mate, from his young—besides liberty! Oh, no; never, my friend, will I be the jailor of any thing.

" Oh! let them ne'er, with artificial note,

" To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,

" But sing what heaven inspires, and wander where they will."



But a dog appears to have been given to man as a friend, assistant, and companion; he seeks him out, he attaches himself to him, and domesticates with him. History, poetry, and every day's observation, abound with instances of their love for, and services performed to man. None should be without a dog.

Both my uncle and myself are almost offended with you; we thought you esteemed us your friends, and yet you wait for a formal invitation to introduce yours at the "Parsonage." Therefore, "The Rev. Mr. Conway presents compliments to Sir Henry M. Bart. and the gentleman now his guests, and will feel happy in their company to dinner to-morrow." There is a little ceremony, to punish you; I know how much you admire it among friends.

I have returned "Paul et Virginie," as you desire, with thanks. "Un bon livre est un bon ami," says the author, and henceforth I shall esteem St. Pierre as a friend of mine. The other works you were so kind as to lend me, I am perusing *con amore*. How is it, Sir Henry, that the books you have as yet recommended to me, have all excited my warmest admiration? Is the standard of taste fixed, or does it arise from similitarity of mind and feeling? You may tell me to-morrow.

E. M-----.

#### BILLET TO ELLEN.

I detain your messenger while I write. You have not yet read "Winter," or you would know why I had a strong inclination to shake him by the hand. The delight of Petrarch at seeing the Rhone was inexpressible, because it flowed through the town in which Laura resided, and yet the Rhone brought nothing from Laura to Petrarch, and your Mercury has brought me your charming billet! Oh! *ma chère ami*, write so often,

"And with mine eyes

"I'll drink the words you send, though ink be made of gall."

I did not tell you my visitors were friends; no, Ellen, had they been such I flatter myself they would likewise have been your's: they were my school-fellows, and even in that character I never liked them; but, although hospitality is reckoned a relic of barbarism, yet 'tis a relic I venerate, and consequently, must behave with politeness to my guests. But, spite of your complimentary invitation, you must pardon me, if I do not introduce them at the Parsonage, nor to my fair friend; as their society would neither afford her instruction or amusement; save such as raises that arch smile I have seen dancing in your eyes, though suppressed on your lips, in the company of some of our neighbours:—you have been angry with yourself for indulging such a triumph, afterwards; so I will not give you an opportunity of enduring so disagreeable a sensation as self-reproach.

I have sent you some volumes of "Sterne:" he knows the shortest passage to the heart. You will not find his celebrated "Tristram Shandy" among them; but I have myself written extracts from it, for your perusal: I would not take so much pains for any one else. Is not that a pretty thank-trap? I know you will bring against me, the dislike I expressed on Tuesday evening last, for selections or extracts of any kind; but "Tristram Shandy" is a book I should be unwilling to offer to any female, and yet, there are pictures, *beautiful* pictures, of the human heart in it, which ought not to be hidden from one who so well knows how to appreciate them as you. These pictures I have selected with care.

Adieu,

HENRY M——.

I wished for one of your smiles to banish the fiend *ennui*; your billet has had the desired effect; but, oh! how much sweeter would the sentiments contained in the billet appear, if supported by the smile. You see I have one of those hearts not easily satisfied.

Adieu encore.

Juliet says,

" Parting is such sweet sorrow

" That I could say good night till it be morrow."

H. M-----

#### BILLET TO ELLEN.

How true it is that pleasure acquires additional sweetness from the degree of difficulty of its attainment. How charming was the hour I stole from my intrusive visitors, to enjoy with you last night! how replete with instruction and entertainment was the conversation of your uncle! how did that of his fair niece abound with that warmth of soul, that benignity of mind which distinguish her from the rest of her sex! in what tune was your harp, and how melodious the voice of the songstress!

When the heart has had a draught from the cup of happiness, in what glowing colours memory recalls the idea of it, and with what avidity we catch at every thing allied to it; thus I, who am forbidden by the cruel forms of the world, to quit society I detest, seize the opportunity of writing to you, by the servant I send to enquire after your health.

I have been reading for the fourth time the little poetical composition which you gave me, with " that pretty action," which " did outsell the gift, and yet enriched it too." The praises I might justly bestow on the verses, I know you would smile at, and call me flatterer. I will avoid the name; I dislike it, and never deserve it. You spoke last night, with that enthusiastic admiration, so congenial to my mind, of Sterne; but you were silent on the subject of the love he evidently bore for his elegant " Eliza." Do you not, my friend, think it one of the cruellest arrow fate can launch at the heart, to love with a fervent affection, one who is united by the bond of honor to another?

You must—you must—your mind is open to " each fine impulse," and this must be horrid indeed.

M. M.



### THE STROLLER'S TALE.

(Continued from page 285.)

THUS things went on in a fair train; I was all bustle and civility; I spared no expence that my *credit* might procure, and the following bill was issued from our press.

*By particular desire of a great Personage,*  
and for the Benefit of

M. R. SIDNEY,

will be presented the admired and celebrated Tragedy, by OTWAY,

CALLED

VENICE PRESERVED;

OR, A PLOT DISCOVERED.

In which is shewn the dreadful effects of being a Rebel, exemplified in the story of PIERRE, and the cruelty of a Father, with the tragical Death of ONE BELVIDERA, a lady of great sensibility.

Duke of Venice - - - - - Mr. TIBBS.

Priuli, the cruel father of Belvidere - - Mr. TIBBS.

Jaffier, the husband of Belvidere, and

friend of Pierre - - - - - Mr. MARSHALL.

Pierre, the cruel rebel - - - - - Mr. JONES.

AND

Belvidera, daughter to Priuli, and wife to

Jaffier, an unfortunate lady, who will

by desire, for that evening ONLY, die

Mad - - - - - Mrs. TIBBS.

§§§ Servants, Guards, Conspirators, Rebels, &c. &c. by the rest of the company.

SINGING BETWEEN THE ACTS.

After which will be presented an entire new Ballet, got up at a great expence, never before attempted at the theatre, and by and under the direction of Mr. VESTRIS, of the Opera-house, London, called

LOVE & JOY;

OR, OLYMPUS IN AN UPROAR.

Pallas - - - - - Mrs. MORTIMER,

who will introduce the admired song of CRAZY JANE.



Juno - - - - - Mrs. DALE.

Venus - - - - - Miss MORTIMER.

Cupid, by a young Lady, her first appearance on any stage.

Sylph Gnomes minor Cupid, &c. by the Master and Miss MORTIMERS.

*To which will be added,*

**BANG UP PRIME;**

**OR, THE LAWYER TURNED COACHMAN.**

With the original Scng by Mr. SYDNEY.

‡‡‡ An additional Fiddle will be provided, and IT WILL BE a Moon-light night. Tickets to be had for READY-MONEY ONLY, &c.

BUSIED in preparations for my benefit, my thoughts were occupied, and for a time I became comparatively happy, in spite of the trouble that I had to prevail on the performers to accept those parts which I had allotted to them, and the fear that often intruded on my mind, lest my expences might not be twice told, or my remuneration unequal to satisfy those hungry creditors whose only hope of payment was in this exertion of mine to "raise the wind."

My military friend introduced me to a milliner's shop, where I received the most polite attention; but how far this tended to my comfort, will be known when I have finished my memoir.

On my first visit to Mrs. Wireman and her daughters, she thanked my friend for making them acquainted with so pleasant a gentleman, and declared how happy they should be to cultivate my acquaintance. I had then an order for two in my pocket, which I presented them with, and they in return promised to place my bill in a conspicuous part of their window, and to distribute on my behalf as many tickets as in their power.

Here a new scene opened to me. It was now more than four months since my eyes had been gladdened by the smiles of a female, except by those of our company, and they, alas! were

*of faded splendor wan."*

I brushed up the few smart things that adversity had left me, and decking my face with smiles, accompanied my friend at the tea-table of Mrs. Wireman and her two daughters, and though for a time my histrionic brother gave me little chance of succeeding in their affections, he soon after left me in full possession of the field; and he being again seated in affluence, by the death of a relation, I never heard of him more.

These ladies I found were all of them *bit* by the theatrical mania: Circumstances of adversity had long kept this passion dormant, but once more in possession of the common necessities of life, it again burst forth, like a repressed conflagration. They were more delighted with my spouting, than my friends. Both sisters I believe would readily have followed me over the world; so much did the sock and buskin reign paramount to bonnets and pelisses.

Here Miss Phillippina Gondiberta was my favourite, though, for cogent reasons, Miss Laura Matilda also shared in my attentions.

Phillippina Gondiberta Wireman, was about the age of seventeen: she possessed a good *petite* figure; her face was pure red and white; she had a little nose cocked up in the air, white teeth, and a well-turned ancle. Laura Matilda was much older; six and twenty years had seen her bewailing her virginity in single blessedness. She was tall and tolerably round, and the colour ruby red that sat on her nose's tip, was scarce subdued by the rouge which amply covered her cheeks; while almost every action of her body, or article of dress, cried "willow, willow, willow."

Their father had been a man of some property, but he lost his fortune through want of management. He still contrived to give his daughters a good education; they could write *almost well* enough to be read, and by carefully avoiding hard words, and except misplacing a few letters, spelt tolerably well; for they kept a dictionary by them for particular occasions—àpropos—I can copy a specimen of their literary abilities, from a note which I have now by me.

Miss Wireman's Compliments to Mr. Sidney, will be glad to wark with him to to-morrow across warrens feilds. I hope to see him at eleven o'clock.

I remain, dear Mr. Sidney, your affectionate  
humble servant,

PHILLIPINA GONDIBERTA WIREMAN.

P. S. Com alone, and dont let *mon saur* know it.

That there may not be the smallest doubts as to the acquirements of my friends, I must inform my readers that they were devoted to novels and dress; could play many of Mr. Hook's airs, without much discord, gabble bad French, &c. draw a few shells, cut up gold paper for chimney ornaments; in fact, they could do every thing but attend to domestic concerns. These were degrading pursuits, yet so exactly did these ideas correspond with my own, that I have since long wanted those comforts which I affected to despise, and I found too late that experience must be bought.

At length I began, as I thought, to feel myself violently in love with Miss Phillippina Gondiberta Wireman, whose heart was not steeled against the tender passion. Her mother was a good-natured, indolent soul, who took her snuff, and wished to live without trouble: and whose chief ambition was to see her daughters dressed as well as the Exciseman's. They exerted themselves greatly for my benefit, which was got up in the first style, for I had determined to spare no expense that *Credit* could procure to gratify my vanity. At length the long-expected evening arrived; the manager's wife kindly undertook to receive money and tickets at the door, which she did in the dress of the poverty-struck Belvidera, glittering, however, in all the pomp of false jewels and tarnished fringe.

Our theatre was certainly far superior to that at Hertford, for we had four scenes; a red curtain with pit and boxes; at length two fiddles played an overture, the cracked muffle bell rung, and I entered, greeted with unbounded applause from all parts of the house; but not so my father, the venerable Priuli: his unfortunate pronunciation raised the risible facul-



ties of my friends, and when that is once done, farewell to all serious hearing. We were dismally in want of properties in the hall of Senators; we cut a most ridiculous appearance; an old deal table painted red, on which was placed a piece of sail-cloth, composed the desk, behind which was seated a young lady, who with a man's tye wig played first senator: there were but three persons on the stage, and when my papa Priuli, in an Irish accent, said

" Let us dissalve the council,"

a roar of laughter convulsed the whole house; first senator backed quietly out; my *dulcinea* bit her lips in agony; her kind mamma began to harangue the people; but methought I saw Laura Matilda

" Smile in the tumult, and enjoy the storm."

But it was in vain to attempt stopping the laughter-loving gods, and a gentleman who chose to call my friend "*Pierrez*," added to their entertainment.

So long as my audience kept " all in good humour," we cared not: our feelings were too much blunted to feel hurt; besides, my compeers had their benefits to get. The play over, with what pleasure did I look forward to my *Ballet*! I treated my little cupids with Spanish liquorice, fastened on their wings with my own hands, had gin and water for the goddesses, and a bottle of rum for my male actors; nay, I even indulged Apollo with a pipe. I had contrived that they should be let down by a blanket, that they should peep behind clouds of tissue paper; I waited with anxiety till my gods were all seated; they were descending most heavenly, when the villanous halter snapt, and they fell, like the rebellious giants, to the earth. Venus kicked out one of Juno's teeth, and Mercury got

" a pretty decent tumble;"



But, (pity me, ye projectors of scenic effect) for this was not all: Jupiter got too drunk to stand, and I was obliged to sing his song myself. My cupids too, on whom I had so much trust, were sulky, and would not dance untill they had done quarrelling about some halfpence which were thrown from the galleries: they kept the doves and Venus waiting, but our clouds could not ascend, and we dropt the curtain. We hurried over the farce; I viewed with pleasure a full house departing, but dreaded the laughter I should encounter on joining my friends; they however were too fond of theatricals not to find an excuse. They extolled my cleverness, and said all would have been very well, had it not turned out *otherwise*.

A nice supper was prepared for me by Mrs. Wireman. I considered this as an epocha in my life; my heart was full. I ventured to salute my dear Phillippina Gondiberta before her mother, and demanded permission to espouse her daughter. Fain would I have wrung from her a cold consent, but she demanded time; yet declared, that if I could find out some way to eat for a certainty, that I might still hope for her acquiescence; and I left them with rapture that night, not without perceiving the visibly chagrined Laura Matilde.

But when I came there the following morning, my dear Phillippina Gondiberta seemed evidently cool, and this was the first spice of coquetry that I had perceived about her: she affected to doubt my love; said I had promised to marry her sister; but in a short time a few theatrical airs restored me to favour. My dear Phillippina Gondiberta, I exclaimed,

“ What is my guilt, that makes me so with you?  
Have I not languish'd prostrate at thy feet?  
Have I not lived whole days upon thy sight?  
Have I not seen thee where thou hast not been?  
And mad with the idea, clasped the wind,  
And doated upon nothing!”

I then returned to the manager to settle our account; but how were my hopes destroyed when he informed me that after pay-

ing the expences of the house, trades people, two extra cupids, and half a peck of peas for a hail storm, and rosin for lightning, that eighteen shillings and nine-pence half-penny was all my portion; I rushed to my little milliner in a paroxysm of disappointment. I threw my all into her lap, and striking my forehead, said,

Yes, all, and then adieu! for ever,  
 There's not a wretch that lives on common charity  
 But's happier than me: for I have known  
 The luscious sweets of plenty; every night  
 Have slept with soft content about my head,  
 And never wak'd but to a joyful morning.  
 Yet now must fall, like a full ear of corn,  
 Whose blossom scap'd, yet wither'd in the budding.

My intended mamma coolly pitied my situation; yet I was free: my doors were not "mewed and damned up with merciless creditors," and I had still favour in the eyes of the townspeople. I returned at tea-time. Phillippina made much use of her handkerchief: I asked the occasion, "Why, my Leonora, why art thou in tears?" she was alone; the last scene between Jaffier and Belvidere was nothing to that we now acted: but Laura Matilda and her mother entered, and I strongly painted my hopes of theatrical advancement. "My Kermiene" had mentioned how much she should like to turn actress, and I was so blind as to cherish this propensity.

*(To be continued.)*

#### MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION.

ON the monument of a vinegar merchant in Roehampton church-yard, who had acquired a handsome fortune by the sale of vinegar, is the following whimsical inscription:

*Sicut alter Annibal viam patefecit ACETO.*

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*THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT.*

WRITERS differ on what fruit it was that Adam ate in Paradise. Some say it was an apple, others, who are fond of sweet fruits, say it was a fig; while others, who are partial to acid, contend that it was a citron. Rabbi Solomon is of opinion, that Moses concealed the real name of the fruit, fearful it would be detested by all the world, and that no one would eat it. With due submission to rabbinical opinions, we must differ from the learned Israelite; for it appears to us, that if the fruit were known, more would be eaten of it than of any other.

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*EFFECTS OF LOVE.*

THOUGH the female be the weaker sex, yet such has been the fidelity, and strength of affection in some, that they have oft-times performed as great things as the most generous Men; they have despised death in the most dreadful shapes, and all sorts of difficulties (by an invincible love to their husbands) in the greatest extremity. Of which histories are not silent; for we read, that Eumenes burying the dead that had fallen in the battle of Gabine against Antigonus, amongst others, there was found the body of Ceteas, the captain of those troops that had come out of India; this man had two wives, who accompanied him in the wars, one which he had newly married, and another whom he had married some years before, but both of them bore an entire love to him; for whereas the laws of India require, that one wife shall be burnt with her dead husband, both these offered themselves to death, and strove with that ambition, as if it had been some glorious prize they sought after: before such captains as were appointed their judges, the younger wife pleaded, "That the other was with child, and that therefore she could not have the benefit of that law;" the elder alledged, "That whereas she was before the other in years, it was also fit that she should be before her in



honour, since it was customary in other things that the Elder should have place: the judges, when they understood by midwives, that the elder was with child, passed judgement that the younger should be burnt, which done, she that had lost the cause departed, rending her diadem, and tearing her hair, as if some grievous calamity had befallen her; the other full of joy at her victory, went to the funeral-fire, magnificently drest up by her friends, and led along by her kindred, as if to her wedding; they all the way singing hymns in her praises. When she drew near the fire, taking off her ornaments, she delivered them to her friends and servants, as tokens of remembrance; they were a multitude of rings, with variety of precious stones, chains, and stars of gold, &c. This done, she was by her brother placed on the combustible matter by the side of her husband, and after the army had thrice compassed the funeral pile, fire was put to it, and she without a word of complaint, finished her life in the flames.

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### *Cabinet of Fashion,*

WITH ELEGANTLY COLOURED PLATES.

Fig. 1.—A walking dress of fine cambric, with small tucks round the bottom; an hussar coat, of green Merino cloth, ornamented on each side with dark silk frogs, lined and trimmed with skin; a military helmet cap, composed of the same materials, and decorated on the left side with an ostrich feather; half-boots of green velvet; ridicule to correspond with the coat, with spring snap of gold; gloves of Limerick, or pale lemon coloured kid.

Fig. 2.—A plain India muslin morning robe, with a Grecian border of needle-work at the feet; a French wrapping coat of pink sarsnet, trimmed entirely round with swansdown; hair in dishevelled curls, and twisted bands; bee-hive hat, same colour as the coat, with two ostrich feathers; boots and gloves of lemon coloured kid.





Sands. sc.

*London Dresses for December.*

*Published by Vernon Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, December, 1781.*



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THE  
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

---

THE OAK AND THE BULRUSH.

**D**EEP in a bank of bloomy flowers,  
Where gliding soft as vernal hours,  
A gentle river roll'd along,  
And gurgled sweet its plaintive song,  
A giant Oak extended stood,  
And flung its branches o'er the flood.  
Full oft had fled the circling year,  
Full many a tempest rag'd severe;  
Yet still, with leafy honours crown'd,  
The sylvan monarch darkly frown'd;  
Still, as in days of earlier prime,  
Unshook by winds, unhurt by time,  
Majestic brav'd, with dauntless form,  
The roaring blast, the winter storm.

Uplifted near, with humbler pride,  
A Bulrush nodded in the tide,  
And lightly dancing to the breeze,  
Bent o'er the waves with graceful ease.  
The tow'ring Oak, whose scornful view  
Had mock'd the Bulrush as she grew,  
Beheld her shrinking in the gale,  
And mutt'ring thus with haughty tale,  
Contemptuous spoke—"Thou, piteous Reed,  
"Poor slavish trembler, cringing weed?  
"Why fearful bows thy drooping head  
"To ev'ry wind that sweeps thy bed?"

" Lo ! where I stand, exalted high,  
" And stretch my green leaves to the sky !  
" Alike to me the gale that blows,  
" With summer sweets or winter snows ;  
" Alike to me when tempests yell,  
" Or dying zephyrs breathe farewell :  
" While others, tott'ring, stoop to dust,  
" I stem the fury of the gust ;  
" Firm 'mid the elemental jar,  
" Deride the shock, and brave the war !"

The golden orb was sunk to rest,  
And evening veil'd the purple west ;  
No whisper flutter'd on the air,  
No truant breath was sporting there :  
When sudden clouds the heav'ns invade,  
The earth—the skies—are wrapt in shade,  
And blacker, blacker, spreads the gloom,  
Dark as the midnight of the tomb !  
The solemn stillness gently broke,  
With hollow sigh the winds awoke ;  
The sobbing blast with angry sweep  
Now skims the plain—now seems to sleep—  
Now bursting wild with cadence shrill,  
Howls mournful on the distant hill !—  
The wary Bulrush stoop'd her form,  
And bent obsequious to the storm ;  
Oft as the tempest rush'd along,  
Again she bow'd the waves among,  
And on that liquid bed reclin'd,  
Scarce felt the ragings of the wind.  
But sternly bold, in frowning mood,  
Sublime the leafy monarch stood !  
Mid the fierce terrors of the scene,  
With trunk unshaken, tow'rs serene ;  
And, as the whirlwinds swell their moan,  
Indignant pours the sullen groan,  
With hoarser murmurs mocks the sound,  
And flings a deeper thunder round !



But now in louder vengeance fly  
The wild tornadoes of the sky ;  
With bellowing rage the storms descend,  
The rushes sink, the willows bend,  
While dauntless yet, in lofty pride,  
The stubborn oak their wrath defied ;  
Till, see ! upheav'd, with tott'ring strength,  
Headlong the Boaster drops at length  
Torn from his parent earth away,  
Deep in the gulf of foaming spray,  
With pond'rous crash and hideous roar  
The Giant falls, to rise no more !

The morning breaks—the whirlwinds cease—  
Creation smiles—and all is peace ;  
But, ah ! no longer blooming fair,  
The sylvan Monarch tower'd in air ;  
Hurl'd from his native grassy bed,  
His glory lost, his verdure fled,  
Supine he lay ; and with'ring now  
Was ev'ry leaf and ev'ry bough !  
But, graceful yet, the humble reed  
Still deck'd the borders of the mead,  
Still sported in the sunny beam,  
And wav'd her beauties o'er the stream.

OSCAR.

---

### THE CONTRAST.

#### A LESSON FOR YOUTH.

VIRTUE's a prize of sterling worth,  
Through which mankind is given  
A promise fair of peace on earth,  
And happiness in heaven !

Vice, like a fiend whose horrid deeds  
Appal the heart to tell,  
With mark'd disgrace her vot'ry leads  
To sin, to death, and hell!

Virtue, a friend to all mankind,  
Tho' jeer'd by Vice's factions,  
Leads on the virtue-freighted mind  
To noble deeds and actions.

Vice but deceives her firmest friends,  
And blackens more each stain;  
To Folly's smile but recommends  
Her ignominious train:—  
To find—ere long—deluded fools!  
Sorely against their will,  
That Virtue leads to ev'ry good,  
And Vice to ev'ry ill.

Then learn, ye minors of an age,  
When both extremes are carried;  
How Virtue may your hearts engage,  
And Vice may well be parried.

For Truth in Reason's page exclaims,  
"The difference, wide forsooth is;  
"Virtue a steadfast kingdom gains,  
"And Vice a kingdom loses!"

REUBEN V. V.

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## RETIREMENT.

WHILST evening lingers o'er the varied scene,  
And Sol's bright beams diffuse a parting ray ;  
Whilst soft the gale breathes peaceful and serene,  
And glimmering on the sight, retires the day :

Then, soft retirement, I will seek thy shade,  
To where no ruffling storms of care intrude ;  
No vain desire for boundless wish invade,  
Nor crouding terrors on the fancy brood !

There will I mark, whilst nature's hush'd along  
The lowing herds retire to peace and rest ;  
There hear the lark pipe out its farewell song,  
And view her drop into its blissful nest.

Their mark the wary shepherd to his cot ;  
Where sweet contentment greets him with her smile ;  
And view the sheep-boy smiling o'er his lot,  
When finish'd is his wafted daily toil.

How sweet to view the spangled landscape o'er,  
Whilst every jarring sound is lull'd to sleep,  
Save when the breeze its rustling accents pour  
Along the mountain's side, or craggy steep.

Save when the mastiff's bark, on echo borne,  
Or village bell tolls the departing day,  
Or when sweet Philomel her tale forlorn,  
Mourns to the gale, from some secluded spray.

Or when yon stream its gentle murmurs swell;  
And bubbling as its chrystal waters roll,  
That oft it seems to wake some fairy spell,  
And steal in pensive rapture on the soul.

Emblem of man, devoid of worldly strife,  
Its rippling stream slow winds with pleasure fraught,  
So gliding down the placid stream of life,  
He finds at last the welcome port he sought.

How sweet for silver'd age to muse awhile,  
O'er life that's pass'd in varied scenes away ;  
And calmly view, with conscious beaming smile,  
That retrospection charms retiring day !

Ere yet while life still glows in vivid hue,  
And youth's gay path still stretches on my sight,  
I'll pluck the joys retirement spreads to view,  
'Twill soothe my journey to those realms of light.

And there awhile with melancholy rove,  
In converse sweet, and pensive rapture blest,  
Whilst sympathy will wake my soul to love,  
Lull each sad care, and soothe each pang to rest !

N. T.

---

### HENRY AND EMMA.

BRIGHT shone the moon, as o'er the dewy mead  
Young Henry hied, to meet his Emma fair ;  
His heart beat lightly, as with ardent speed  
He tripp'd along, devoid of ev'ry care.

A female voice, as he approach'd the wood,  
In piercing accents broke upon his ear,  
Onward he rush'd, and in the foaming flood,  
Struggling for life, beheld his Emma dear.

With horror seized, he plung'd into the wave,  
Grasped her lov'd form, and tried to gain the shore,  
But fate forbade, and in a watery grave,  
With her exhausted sunk, to rise no more.



An aged Oak, and ivy mantled seat,  
Now marks the place, upon the wansbeck's side,  
Where oft the hapless lovers wont to meet,  
Where sinking in each others arms—they died.

C.

---

*LINES,*

WRITTEN DURING THE PERUSAL OF MADAME COTTIN'S INTEREST-  
ING TALE OF "ELIZABETH."

GO, duteous fair-one ! on her lonely way,  
Ye guardian seraphs of the sky, attend !  
And by the moon's pale beam or solar ray,  
In ceaseless watch your hallow'd charge defend.

Lest the keen blast that blows so bleak and cold,  
Chilling the airs with wintry breath around,  
With rude embrace, those polish'd limbs enfold,  
And stretch them pale and lifeless on the ground !

As droop her lids, by sleep's soft dews opprest,  
Let not grim fear the genial balm destroy ;  
Light be her dreams, with happiest omens blest,  
Cheering her soul with gleams of future joy !

Far be the gaunt wolf's long and dismal howl,  
That mid these wilds his dreadful vigil keeps  
But wide aloof—remorseless savage ! prowls,  
Nor dare approach where awful virtue sleeps !

And when at length, night's sombrous shadow flies,  
May she, refresh'd, her wayward track pursue ;  
And hope, low bending from the golden skies,  
With choicest flow'rs her toilsome journey strew !

ALPHONSO.

*On reading some lines to SENSIBILITY, written by one whose feelings were not REMARKABLE for their TENDERNESS.*

HE talk of feeling, on whose perjur'd tongue  
A word of Candour never yet was hung!  
His HEAD alone such language could impart,  
For thoughts like these are foreign to his HEART;  
Yet strange it is, and who the cause can tell,  
That one who writes so false, should write so well!

Surely, my Friend, you only feign surprise,  
POETS you know write best when telling—LIES!

MARCUS.

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#### NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In answer to A. B. who enquires why his verses (as HE calls them) were not inserted, we beg leave to say, that such STUFF will not suit us.

The favours of X. Y. are received, and shall have speedy insertion, The future communications of E. M. will be acceptable, particularly her prose compositions.

We should feel happy in obliging a *constant reader*, but his communication is too incorrect for insertion.



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